

These Panties Don't Have Dragons

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Summary: Sometimes, people make mistakes and do not understand how hurtful a single comment can be when something is confessed. When Jack storms from the apartment after such an event, there must be a way that Hiccup can make it up even if it is giving in to the revealed kink of his boyfriend. But who knew lace was so itchy? Panty Kink / smut / Hijack

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Time took to write: it's fucking seven am okay?!

Alternate title: 'If anyone told me i was gonna go buy panties a year ago to have hot sex with my boyfriend i would've told them they're were fucking nuts'

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Jack glanced away as Hiccup smiled encouragingly at him, trying to get the white haired male to admit what this fetish was. Jack was the one who brought up the topic and having a small secret of something he liked and had wanted to experiment with something a bit new, so Hiccup was curious, wanting to support his lover and boyfriend. It took a moment but slowly words slipped from his lips.

"I like wearing panties. Stockings too but . . . mainly panties. I like how it feels. I like also how they look on others." The words slipped out from Jack's lips quickly, as if they were burning at his tongue, unable to stop them once the first bit came out. He was so tempted to ramble, to explain how the entire thing started, but how would Hiccup take it when he was already looking at him like he grew a third head? Shit, would Hiccup break up with him over this? This wasn't normal, it wasn't a small little 'I like bondage and wanna tie you up baby' like they had before, no this was personal and

different and fuck, Jack wanted it badly but he wanted the other male to accept it and be fine with it.

Fucking hell, Hiccup, say something! Jack was slowly going insane with the silence from his lover and boyfriend, his mind over reacting and sending the worst to his mind. Finally, after a long moment, something came from Hiccup. Laughter.

"Are you serious? That's your deep dark secret? Jack, that's *so* fucking GAY." He snorted loudly, doubling over in his seat in a fit of laughter and snickers as he had the mental images running through his mind. True, he was picturing a tutu with it all as this was so damn girly, how couldn't he? "Jack, did you forget you are a guy? Being gay can only get you so far, I mean come on, panties? That's *that's* a gay we haven't gone to!" He taunted and teased, not looking at the expression his boyfriend had on his face. He didn't see the flicker of pain and hurt from the others laughter and words. Pale fists clenched, perfect grit together as Jack pushed himself from the table in his and his boyfriend's apartment. This was not what he had wanted, it was worse than he had even expected. He had expected to be told it was a bit much and that Hiccup wasn't into it, but *to* be laughed at? No, he couldn't take it, he just *he* couldn't.

Hiccup almost missed seeing Jack get up and move to take his hoodie from the couch and pull it on, snatching the three things needed; wallet, keys and phone before moving towards the front door. Green eyes widened as confusion slipped onto his face. "Jack, wait, what are you doing?"

"Going out."

"Jack--"

"Don't text me. I'll be back tomorrow at latest."

Hiccup didn't get the chance to call out to the other another time as the door slammed shut, hearing the sounds of Jack's feet moving heavy and fast down the stairs of the apartment complex. Green eyes stared at the door, unable to make himself move, unable to try and go after the other even though he knew he would most likely trip with his prosthetic leg. Jack was serious, he wasn't just making a joke or trying to be funny, he was serious over the panty kink. He was serious and Hiccup just laughed in his face over it. The realization was hitting him hard, slipping from the chair to the ground. No *to* No, this was not right and Hiccup would find a way to fix it somehow.

With that in mind, the auburn haired male took a breath and moved to get his own jacket, wallet and keys. He was going to the place of man hell, the place that made him squirm in embarrassment to even consider going to, he was going to step through the doors of Satan's play house and he was going to get what he needed to make his lover know he loved him no matter what. Victoria's Secret. Caw caw motherfuckers.

he

It was the middle of the night when Jack let himself back into the apartment he shared with his boyfriend, partly drunk, smelling of

alcohol and a bit of guilt for having taken off as he had. He knew better. He knew that his boyfriend hadn't meant to hurt him but it â€¦ it was his biggest secret. He had never told anyone, even past relationships about his kink and just â€¦ it ripped him apart for Hiccup to dismiss it like that. But he knew better and he knew Hiccup would be fast asleep and they could talk in the morning after Jack slept off the alcohol .

Flipping the light switch to the bedroom to get some pajamas on and go to bed as during these fights, Hiccup would sleep on the couch waiting for him, Jack figured it was the alcohol in his system making him see things. Why would he think such a thing? Because he was damn sure that there was no way Hiccup was sitting in the middle of their bed, dark, olive green lace panties on connected to a pair of garters and sheer stockings. The head of his cock easily seen through the thin material of the panties. There was no way Hiccup was holding up a pair of blue panties with a cut out design of a snowflake in invitation to boot. "Figured we could give it a try and see how I like it." No words could come out of Jack's mouth as he looked between the panties and his boyfriend who slowly spread his legs apart, trying to convince Jack silently he was serious, that he wasn't making fun of him and that the one hundred and fifty dollar set of underwear were his apology.

It took no time for Jack to move to the bed, glad he he remembered to take off his shoes at the door as he crawled onto the bed, pushing the hand with the blue panties for himself down. "Next time, I wanna enjoy having you wear these." he breathed out, voice low, husky and filled with lust for everything he was seeing. Words died on Hiccup's mouth as Jack lowered himself, peppering kisses along Hiccup's stomach, making a trail upwards, following every freckle he could find, not leaving any without attention. A low hum of approval escaped the brunet's lips, leaning himself back onto his elbows and watching the show of the white haired man simply worshiping his body. A small moan of pleasure was given at the first flick of a tongue against a nipple, followed by another, again and again before thin, pink lips wrapped around perked nipple, suckling. Freckled fingers of one hand moved to card through soft hair, pulling, pushing in encouragement as Jack scrapped his teeth, pulling his mouth back to blow cool air, turning his saliva cold on Hiccup's skin.

"F-Fuck, Jack!"

>"Not yet, I wanna take my time."<p>

Was that good or would that be sweet, slow torture to Hiccup as his nerves were already set aflame as Jack switched nipples to repeat the process and perk the nipple into a hard bud, flicking his tongue and rolling it gently between his teeth. Jack knew every which way to make Hiccup go crazy, and the knee slipping between his thighs, rubbing and grinding into his groin was just further proof.

"I want to fuck you slow, panties still on, make you cum in them."

>"Is this what you dream of at night?"<p>

"No, what I dream of at night is you in general. This is my twisted little fantasy where you scream my name."

"I can make it happen if you play your cards right."

"You talk way to much."

Jack smirked wickedly, pressing two fingers into Hiccups mouth, receiving a roll of green eyes before lips closing around the digits, suckling lewdly, making sure to slurp and moan, darting his tongue between the fingers before swirling at the tips. Every single touch of that talented tongue made Jack closer to the edge, but damn had he wanted this exact moment so long that he wouldn't ruin it by rushing. He still had a fantasy to live out with this. Lowering himself between the other males thighs, Jack nipped a trail from freckled knee down an equally freckled thigh, taking delight in how Hiccup gasped and groaned the moment his saliva slick fingers were removed and teased over still hardened nipples. He could hear the demands for him to stop teasing, for him to do something, that Hiccup was going slowly insane. Glancing upwards between his thighs, ignoring the beautiful sight of the dark, damp spot on the panties from where Hiccups straining cock had leaked precum on the green panties to green eyes and spoke.

"You have any idea what I am gonna do to you? What I have in store? I want to see you fill these panties will cum, soak them completely as you scream my name, begging for me to fuck you only to tease you more. I wonder how it will feel for you when I make you cum in these, against that lace and silk, sucking through this nice fabric. The stain will always be there, of how you crumbled under me." Jack paused, watching how Hiccup trembled at just the words alone now. "How did it feel? To go into the store, look at all those panties and wonder which one I would like more encasing your dick I love so much? Which I would want to lick every inch of you through, fuck you senseless in and dirty in my seed? Did you think of how it would feel, how the silk would run over your dick and over that sweet little asshole of yours? You have no idea how good you look like this, spread open, dripping, begging for me. I wish I had a camera. You look just like my own personal slut." Hiccup whimpered low, bucking his hips, all the talking was making more precum soak through the panties. "Maybe I should even reward you for how good you are being."

"Yes, Jack." Hiccup finally managed, his fingers pushing into white strands of hair, pushing at his head to lead his stubborn boyfriend to between his thighs and to where his cock was straining against the thin fabric of the panties. No hesitation from Jack at running his tongue from base to tip, leaving a dark streak along the silk before wrapping his lips along the tip, tasting the saltiness of precum along with the silk. Hiccup squirmed, trying to get more, trying to somehow make the fabric disappear as that slightly pointed tongue dipped into where his slit was, swirling and pressing hard, pulling a cry of deep pleasure out.

A plus of dating Jack was that he was always trying to prove himself at everything so when he felt the fabric of the panties pushed away just enough and the sound of a bottle of lube being uncapped, only two thoughts came to Hiccups mind. He was going to be prepared as the first, a thought that made him moan low under his breath followed by a cry of pleasure at the actions of the devilish tongue. The second thought being when the fucking hell did Jack get the lube out?! Screw it, who the hell cared as one of those long, thick fingers coated in lube teased the outer ring of his ass, a second one following to tease and press both fingertips inside. Hiccup couldn't help the squirming he gave as he felt the digits press deep, rubbing slowly,

teasingly along the walls. Fuck fuck fuck. Jack grinned wickedly, loving the affect he had on the other and how easily he could make the man squirm and feel. Nothing else was important to him other than this one guy. Hiccup felt the same but fuck, this was NOT the time for sappy thoughts of love and affection and fuck fuck fuck, Hiccup wanted sex now and wanted it hard.

It was the pressing of a third finger that caused Hiccup to snap out, to wrap his legs around his lovers waist and growl loud. "Just fuck me already, you prat!" Jack chuckled where he was suckling along the head of his boyfriends cock through the panties, taking another long lick through the soaked silk before grasping both hips as he removed his fingers, flipping Hiccup onto his stomach and pushing the firm and very much squeezable ass into the air. Unbuttoning and zipping his pants, Jack couldn't keep the smirk from his lips as he pushed them down enough to pull himself free of the confides, stroking the long shaft, free hand taking the bottle of lube.

"You knowâ€¦ I heard a great song the other day, it had a catch phrase in it tooâ€¦" He trailed off, groaning gently at the chilled lube, shivering at the change to his own heated skin as he spread it along his cock. Pushing back Hiccups panties from his ass just a bit further, the sinister smirk continued on. "It was 'face down, ass up, that's the way I like to fuck'." With that said, Jack thrust into his boyfriend, taking pride in the cried out pleasure and surprise from Hiccup. Hiccup easily forgot about how overly lame and terrible the line had been as he pushed back into Jack, ignoring the rough stinging, ignoring the slight pain of being stretched further by the thick shaft and how deep it went to enjoy the feeling of being filled completely, to feel the tightness of the panties containing his own erection. Hell, even the way the silk and elastic on his testicles felt good if not pinching slightly. Every part of that was easy to forget with how Jack slipped himself back by an inch, pushing in so there was friction and movement but small amounts for Hiccup to adjust.

Hiccup was thankful his lover knew exactly how he liked it as well as the best way to move him along through adjusting.

It took another moment but Hiccup grinding into Jack, rocking and rolling his hips in a silent but physical gesture for Jack to hurry his fine ass up and start moving. That was the only encouragement Jack needed for him to begin a s comfortable and quick pace between them, bucking his hips forward, grinding into Hiccups ass only to pull back and repeat. Pale fingers dug into freckles hips, gripping for dear life as he listened to the mix of their moans and pants, lewd sounds of skin against skin and Hiccups body pulling him back greedily with a slick noise. Hiccup clawed at the sheets, mouth opened wide, uncaring how vocal he was as he was pushed back and forward on the bed, knees pushing into the soft mattress. If Hiccup thought about it, he could swear there was drool on the corner of his mouth. He didn't care how girly it was, how unmanly it was to take it up the ass and enjoy it, to mewl out much like a wanton whore in bad porn as his prostate was brushed then cry out as it was pushed against. He fucked loved sex and who the fuck was anyone to judge him? Their neighbors got the message soon enough after the two men moved into the apartment.

Pushing himself forward, Jack panted against Hiccups shoulder as he nibbled and bit at the skin, marking and attempting to distract

himself even a bit as his orgasm started to rear it's head. Hiccup wasn't far with how the panties rubbed along the head of his cock with very thrust, moving him and the fabric slightly against the bed. What was sanity he could wonder as climax was within reach. Hiccup clawed towards it, gasping and groaning loud, no shame. Only one thing slipping from his lips in a chant. "Jack, Jack, Jack." Even then, it was muffled and off sounding with each sound from his lips. Just a bit more, fuck, just a bit harder.

Jack was first to hit his orgasm, gasping out and moaning loudly, his already rough and almost shaky thrusts becoming wild and losing the rhythm set to milk his climax and set off Hiccups. It worked. Hiccup cried out, voice in a high pitch, a manly high pitch, the thick ribbons of cum painting the inside of his ass enough to push him over and forever ruin the panties as he filled them with his seed, small amount slipping from the elastic edgings and drenching the fabric to the sheets below. Holding himself was becoming a bit of a chore and work of labor with how he panted for breath, arms and legs shaking for him to collapse on the bed. Carefully pulling himself out, Jack grinned to the sight of seed slipping down Hiccups ass and down his thighs before falling to the bed and pillows, a sated grin on his lips as a moment later, Hiccup curled against him. The darker haired man squirmed, uncomfortable in the drenched and soaked panties, the stockings having slipped down to his knees and were annoying him as well. Silent went through the room for a good moment.

Breath caught, Hiccup swatted Jacks head. "Fucking Christ, jack! 'face down, ass up, that's the way I like to fuck'? that's the BEST you could do in the heat of the moment? Fucking hell." Jack snickered, turning to kiss the others temple lovingly and hum slowly, absently reaching for the blanket to cover them and to try and lure his boyfriend to sleep before they talked of earlier that night or well of anything really. The bedroom was silent a second time that night as Hiccup gave in, resting against his boyfriend, fingers idly playing with soft strands of white hair, eyes slipping closed. The warmth of the blanket, the after glow of wonderful sex, and feeling of Jack in his arms were just so wonderful. Damn it, why did Jack have to ruin the moment by speaking?

End
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